

Brothers in Spirit

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Summary: Two are born one Sangheili. The other Human. But the share a bond that reaches across space, time, and a war.

1. Prologue

Brothers in Spirit

Prologue

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Athenos, Sangheili capital, Sangheil

All was going well. Soon the two eggs will hatch. "Twins," Mi'sha Janass thought to herself, "I can't believe it!" the Forerunners must have found a good reason to bless us," she said to her mate, Arnad Sajosee.

"Indeed," he replied lovingly, "I will go check on our eldest. He must be giving Yahap a good night's exercise. I'll see to it that young Linad is put down for the night. I'll tell him in the morrow he will finally be an older brother." Arnad said as he turned to walk out the door.

Meshap came running down the hall yelling, "Excellency! Excellency! The Practitioner is here."

Arnad turned to the excited Grunt and said, "See him to Mi'sha's quarters. I'll return as soon as young Linad is settled for the night."

UNSC calendar June 14, 2531

New Rome, Alpha 1 Colony

Dale and Molly Tanner are in her hospital room. Dr. Cross comes in to check the monitors then turns to the couple and says. "Your labor is coming along fine. You will be parents before the night is over."

Just then another contraction hits Molly. Dr Cross asked in a comforting voice, "Would you like some pain reliever put into your IV?"

Molly said, as the pain subsided, "Only a small dose. I want to have my wits when my little bundle arrives."

Sangheil

Two Units Later

Meshap! Meshap! Get Arnad! The first egg is moving. It is time," Mi'sha said excitedly.

Meshap went running. A short time later Arnad came in just in time for the egg to burst open. In the middle of the opened shell was a small version of himself.

Mirad Denasee picked up the small Sangheili infant examined it, wrapped it in a blanket, and handed it to Mi'sha then said, "What shall you call your young son?"

Mi'sha looked at Arnad and said, "We shall call him Aron."

Arnad said, "Yes. I like that."

At the same time on Alpha 1

Molly gave her final push and out came a healthy screaming baby boy. Dr Cross looked at the happy couple and said, "You have a healthy baby boy. Congratulations."

Molly looked at Dale and said "I know you were set on naming him Kyle. But I'd like to call him Richard after you father, who was just killed in this war."

Dale said, "That would be fine. Dad would love having his grandson named after him."

Sangheil

When the second egg hatched and the two newborn Sangheili were fed everyone settled down for a restful few units. Mirad had told them he would return early to give the children a thorough examination.

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Athenos Sangheil

UNSC calendar September 9 2535

Four Years Later

The twins had grown in their first four cycles. Linad, who was now eight cycles old, had started pre-academy. Aron and Janass had the house to themselves. They occupied themselves running Yahap most of the day. But today there is something different about Aron. Mi'sha had noticed he wasn't as active as he usually was. Aron had stayed in his bed most of the day. When the morning meal was served he ate very little. Mi'sha went into Aron's room. She was there to check on her little Sangheili warrior, "So much like his father," she thought to herself. She lays a hand upon Aron's sleeping body. He doesn't move. Mi'sha yells, "Meshap get the Healer! Aron is burning with fever! Yahap get Arnad! There is something wrong with Aron!"

Arnad was sitting with his mate as she was holding the lifeless body of Aron. Meshap came to the door and said, "Excellency, the Healer is here."

Arnad said in a hushed but authoritative tone, "Send him in here."

Seeing Mirad, Mi'sha said with tears in her voice, "What is wrong with my young son? Why is he burning with fever?"

Mirad said calmly, "Lay the young one on the bed so I can examine him."

Mirad examined Aron closely. Then took a tissue sample from Aron's hand. He put it into a data disk then plugged the disk into a holo pad. Shaking his head slowly he turned to Aron's parents and said, "I'm sorry. It was as I suspected. Aron has Knarde's Syndrome. It is treatable if you choose. But it will stunt his growth."

Arnad said questioningly, "What would happen if we don't choose treatment?"

Mi'sha looked at Arnad and screamed, "That is not an option!"

Mirad looked at Arnad and Mi'sha and said, "Without treatment. Aron will die."

2. Chapter 1

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and the characters I add.

Brothers in Spirit

Chapter 1

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Slip space Assault Cruiser Blessed Redemption

Faithâ€¦ something Aron never had. That was for his mother. She sat by his bed praying the whole time he was sick with Knarde's Syndrome. His twin sister was another faith was for, she became a priestess. But not for him. He went to all the religious ceremonies but he didn't have the faith. Even his dreams betray him. If anyone knew he had dreams of a human he would have been tried for heresy. He had dreams of a Human even before he knew there were Humans.

Aron sat alone in his quarters, something he was used to. He is shunned by everyone. Knarde's Syndrome had left him shorter than any other Sangheili. But Aron didn't let his size keep him down. Instead he plunged into studies very early. Mastering all three forms of Sangheili martial arts, Taltus, Fazule, and Knate. With his small size of seven foot two he was more agile. His movements were quicker, he was able to strike faster. Aron used this to his advantage. He also studied everything he could at the young age of seventeen cycles he was an engineer. He could modify the most complex of weapons and armor. His first set of armor and every set there after, he modified to be more light weight.

But his dreamsâ€¦ he couldn't shake them. Every Human he had killed he looked for the face that had haunted him since childhood. However, he knew the human was still alive, he still had the dreams.

Aron's thoughts went back to faith. Hiss mother and sister had faith. His twin sister, Kierra, was a priestess of the Sangheili faith. He had heard from his mother, Mi'sha, that the priestess had found records of the original Sangheili Gods. Now they are trying to rebuild the original faith. Their job is trying to find out which prayer and ritual goes to what God.

Aron's thoughts were interrupted by the buzzing of his personal communicator. It was his mother. "Hello, Aron. How are you feeling today?" Mi'sha said lovingly.

Aron answered as he turned to look at the hologram of his mother, "I'm doing fine, Mother. I wish you would stop worrying about me."

Mi'sha replied in a patronizing tone, "I'll worry about you until I take my last breath. Now to the reason I needed to speak with you. You know of the betrayal and our expulsion from the Covenant? Kierra has found where the Prophets were planning to do this all along. Right now the Convent she is at has been locked down."

"Mother, I can't abandon my mission. We are going for reinforcements to bring home," Aron cut in.

"I know dear. I'm not calling for that. Our platforms are fully operational. Your Father has arranged for our safety in case of

attack. And those who go into hiding will have no outside contact until the threat is over and our reinforcements arrive. Take care my son. We love you."

"And I you, Mother," Aron replied as the transmission ended. He was both worried and relieved.

Aron began to do some simple Knate exercises to relieve his thoughts. His exercises and thoughts were interrupted by the intercom, "Exiting slip space in two units."

Aron went to the debriefing room to be debriefed on the stealth mission. Even though the Humans were their allies now there still could be some pockets of resistance. So caution was no option.

The Spec Op Field Commander, Rava Sadossee, began to speak once everyone was seated, "Warriors. Our mission is one of great importance. We are here on this Human world to seek out and find a Human named Captain Wilson. His squad of Human Warriors will be accompanying us to Sangheil to help protect our home world. We are not to harm any Humans. That is an order. This order comes directly from the Arbiter."

"There is a new Arbiter?" one of the Spec Op warriors asked.

"Yes," replied Rava, "He was appointed by the Prophets before the betrayal. Now he is the Arbiter of the Sangheili. What he has done so far for our people is more than the Covenant done for many Ages."

Aron sat and watched as all the Sangheili murmured amongst themselves. Rava not wanting to try to talk above them said loudly, "Listen up! Listen up!" when all were quiet he continued, "I want the squad to stay together on this mission. No one is to stray off. There could be Brutes hiding. Aron do you understand that order?"

Aron looked up seeing all eyes on him answered, "Yes, leader, I understand."

Rava said, "This meeting is adjourned. Be at the Phantom in two units."

Aron left the debriefing room. He went straight to the armory to gather his weapons he would take on this mission. His choice of weapons were dual energy swords, he was the most lethal with those. He placed the sword hilts on his belt. He also chose dual plasma rifles. He placed them in the holsters on his upper leg armor. His final weapon for the mission was a carbine which he slung over his shoulder. Aron grabbed a few extra batteries for the weapons and some extra clips for the carbine. He placed those in a pouch that he hung on his belt. he proceeded to leave the armory and go to the medical bay. There he replenished his medical kit that he keeps on his belt.

The medical officer said, "Aron, are you expecting to come upon a large resistance with a cease fire?"

Aron replied, "I just want to be prepared. Those filthy Brutes could be anywhere. It pays to be safe."

Aron left the medical bay and went to his quarters where he modified all his weapons to have a stronger blast and longer battery life. He wasn't going to take any chances. Just then Aron had a strange feeling come over him. He wasn't sure what it was but he couldn't shake it. It made him feel like he does when he has one of his dreams about the Human.

Alpha Base

New Rome, Alpha 1 Colony

UNSC calendar November 25,2552

Captain John Wilson was in his office when there was a knock on the door. Corporal Rick Tanner came in and saluted. Captain Wilson said, "At ease Corporal. Now to the reason I called you in here. There is a squad of Elites that will be landing here. I want you to take a small group to the coordinates and escort them here."

Rick replied, "Sir, yes, Sir" he saluted and walked out the door to get a group of his best men. Then proceeded to the coordinates given to him by Captain Wilson.

Orbit around Alpha 1

Assault Cruiser Blessed Redemption

Aron entered the Phantom and took his seat. When the Field Commander entered the pilot was instructed to proceed to the surface. Their landing coordinates were already given to the Humans. Aron still couldn't shake the feeling that hit him in his quarters. The flight to the surface was uneventful. When Aron stepped from the gravity lift he knew why he had that feeling. For staring at him was the face of the Human who haunted his dreams.

3. Chapter2

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Brothers in Spirit

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Alpha One Colony

Rick was taken back to see the Elite that was shorter than the rest. He couldn't shake the fact that he felt as if he knew the Elite. But the way the Elite looked at him, one could say was shock.

Aron thought to himself, "He must be a demon." He had never thought he would actually meet the Human who had haunted him.

Rick was looking at the short Elite when a gold armored Elite came up to him and said, "Human, I was told by my ship master that I was to report to you. I was also told that you will be taking us to a Captain Wilson."

Rick replied, "Yes, follow me," they all turned to walk to the personnel transports that were waiting. Rick could have sworn he heard the shorter Elite growl at him.

Aron gave a low growl at the Human that was in charge. All he wanted to do was get away. He was extremely uncomfortable in the presence of the Human.

Rava sensing Aron's conflict said, "Aron keep a watch as we board the transport. Nai'del you and Aron will ride near the rear of the transport. Watch for enemy."

Aron was glad he didn't have to sit near the Human. But he still kept an eye on him.

Rick turned to the gold armored Elite and said, "Do you have a clue as to why the smaller Elite reacted the way he did?"

Rava replied, "I've no clue. But I can say no Human will be harmed. We shall keep an eye on him."

That made Rick feel a little better. But he couldn't shake the fact that the Elite looked familiar. He said to himself, "I will have to try to speak with him before they leave."

Upon arrival at Alpha base, Rick escorted the Elites to Captain Wilson's office.

Captain Wilson said, "Come. Come. Everyone take a seat," Rick was just about to walk out the door when Captain Wilson continued, "Corporal that will include you."

Rick turned from the door and took a seat at the large conference table. To Aron's distaste the seat was next to him. Aron gave another low growl. Rick looked at the Elite and said, "Have I done something in another life that has made you want to bite?"

Aron having a conflict going on inside thought to himself, "That voice, I've heard it before. It is him." Aron turned to the Human and growled again and said, "No, Demon. I won't bite you."

Captain Wilson called the meeting to order. He turned to the Elite in gold armor and said, "What is it we could do for you?"

Rava said in a tone that was both deep and commanding, "We were sent here to gather reinforcements to take to our home world to aid us in our fight with the Covenant."

Captain Wilson said, "That is the same orders we received from Admiral Lord Hood," he turned to Rick and continued, "Corporal your squad will accompany the Elites to their ship and go with them. The rest of the fleet will follow in their ships."

Rick said, "Yes, Sir."

Captain Wilson turned back to Rava and said, "We will need the coordinates to your home world."

Rava replied, "We will transmit the coordinates as soon as we return to our cruiser."

Aron looked at Rick and gave another low growl then thought to himself, "This is going to be a long trip. Not only do I have to put up with this Human, this Demon in my sleep. Now he will be on my cruiser as well."

Captain Wilson stood and said, "This meeting is adjourned. Go make preparations for an immediate departure."

Everyone rose to leave. Rick gave the orders to the rest of his squad. He looked at the gold Elite and said, "Would you all like some refreshments? I could show you where the mess hall is. We won't be leaving for another ninety minutes."

Rava said, "Yes, Human. We could use a little refreshment."

Rick took the group of Elites to the mess hall got them food and drink then said, "Stay here. I'll return in about fifteen minutes. I must get my gear."

Aron was glad to see the Human leave. He wasn't sure but he thought the Human acted different to him. He said to himself, "Shape up! When we return to the cruiser you will have to talk to him."

Rick was in his quarters packing for the trip to the Elites home world. As he was putting clothes into his duffle he found the sketch book he always takes with him. When he tossed it onto the bed it opened. The picture he was looking at was the small Elite he had just met. When Rick had finished packing he went back to the mess hall to get the Elites he had left there. He went up to the table and said, "We are clear to go to the landing zone," he placed the book he was holding on the table.

Aron seeing a drawing of himself rose quickly from his seat, growled then said angrily, "Human where did you get this drawing?"

Rick replied, "I did it myself."

"No!" Aron said, "Have we met before?"

Rick said, "I'm not sure. I've seen a few Elites before."

"No," Aron said getting agitated, "If you had seen me before you wouldn't have lived long enough to draw that," he pointed to the picture on the table.

Rava interrupted and not a moment too soon, "Enough, Aron, we must be off. The Phantom is waiting."

The group of Elites and Marines went to the landing zone. They entered the gravity lift. The Phantom made an uneventful trip back to the Blessed Redemption.

Aron was the first to disembark from the Phantom followed by Rava. Rava said, "Aron, you and Zala show our guests to their quarters."

Once Aron's task was complete he went to the gym for a workout so he could clear his head. He even looked for some mats so he could do some Fazule exercise. But to his unfortunate fate the Human was there. "Zala must have told him where the gym was," he said to himself.

4. Chapter 3

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Brothers in Spirit

Ninth age of Reclamation

UNSC calendar November 25, 2552

Sangheili cruiser Blessed Redemption

"What are you doing here?" Aron asked abruptly.

"The Elite that was with you showed me here. I wanted a good workout," Rick replied.

Aron gave a grunt of disgust. Then proceeded to go about his own workout. Rick looked at the Elite and said, "What have I done to you to make you so mad?"

Aron looked at the Human with utter distaste and said, "What kind of powers do you have? I know the Demon has the ability to cheat death. But what do you have?"

Rick replied in shock, "I'm not sure what you mean. I don't have any special powers."

"Lies," interrupted Aron, "Since I was a small child you have invaded my dreams."

"That's it! My sleep," Rick said loudly nearly causing the already nervous Elite to nearly jump out of his skin. He continues, "Ever since I saw you step off the Phantom, I have wondered where I have seen you. It's my sleep. I have dreamed about you too."

Aron looked at the Human, his expression softening and said, "Let's go get some cefa'. We need to talk."

Rick said, "Ok, but what is cefa'?"

Aron replied, "I'll show you."

They walked in silence to the mess hall. Rick found a table while Aron went to get their cefa' and a plate of sweet flat bread. Aron walked up to the table and took a seat. "Cefa' is a drink made from the cefa' plant. Some drink it plain. But it is very bitter that way. It is best with sweet cubes and sweetened molta'," explained Aron.

Rick cautiously took a sip of the alien drink. Shocked Rick looked up and said, "This tastes like coffee. And the way I like it by the way."

Aron said, after taking a drink of his own cefa', "You said that you had dreams of me. Can you elaborate on that? When you are finished I'll tell you my story."

Rick taking another sip of his cefa' said, "It all started when I was four. I had a fever that lasted for days. The fever came on all of a sudden. The doctors couldn't explain it. Then just as mysteriously as it came, the fever went. That's when you appeared. I was the only one who could see you." Rick took another breath and looked around the room. He continued, "You were in my dreams and you eventually became my imaginary friend. At least that is what my mom called you. But you were as real as you are now. When you didn't go away after childhood I thought I was crazy. But I never told anyone else about you. You were like watching over me. More that once you saved my life on the battlefield." He takes another sip of his cefa' and thinks for a moment. Then says, "I never got your name. I don't want you to tell me because I think I already know it. Your name is Aaron right?"

"No, its Aron. You always got it wrong," the Elite said slowly, his mandibles agape as the shock of what he just said hit him. Then he composed himself and said, "Those weren't dreams. Look when I was four cycles old I had Knarde's Syndrome. I almost died. It was then I started dreaming of you. I knew even then not to tell anyone. You are the first and only person who knows."

Aron rose from his seat and said, "Stay here, Human."

"Rick. Call me Rick," Rick said interrupting.

"Very well. Stay here Rick. I'm going to grab us some lunch," Aron replied.

Aron returned with a tray and on the tray were two plates with what looked like two hamburgers. Also on the tray were a variety of condiments. He gave one plate to Rick and kept the other one for

himself. "Eat," Aron said, "This is flame cooked meat on plain bread. I got you my favorite condiments for it," he clicked his mandibles into a grin then took a bite.

Aron and Rick continued to talk as they had their lunch. They learned they were identical.

Aron clicked his mandibles in what would be equal to a laugh then said, "Come, my brother. I know who we need to talk to."

They rose from the table and proceeded down the corridor to a decorated door. Aron said, "This is where the High Scholar Nastar Rijosee presides. He will be able to explain how this happened."

Aron pushed a button on the door. A voice from inside said, "Come."

Aron and Rick walked into the quarters of the High Scholar. Aron bowed in respect. Nastar said, "What can I do for you?"

Aron proceeded to tell Nastar about how he and Rick are alike, and how they knew one another before they met. When he was finished Aron looked at Nastar and said, "Nobel Scholar, how can this be?"

Nastar bowed to the two standing before him. Aron not understanding the actions said, "Nobel Scholar, why are you bowing to me?"

Nastar replied as he straightened up, "I shall always bow before the Abochrith."

5. Chapter 4

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A/N: Sorry for the short chapter. I wanted to explain the Aborchrith in this one. More to come read and review please.

Brothers in Spirit

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Sangheili Cruiser Blessed Redemption

Aron and Rick said simultaneously, "What is an Aborchrith?"

Nastar said, "Come, sit. I'll tell you the Legend of the Aborchrith."

The trio went to the table in the middle of the room. The High Scholar began, "The term Aborchrith means 'Brothers in Spirit' so in a manner of speaking you share the same soul."

"How is that possible?" Rick asked.

"Here I'll show you," Nastar said.

Nastar turned to a hologram of the galaxy. He hit a few keys on a pad and the image changed. Then he said in a voice that was wiser than his years, "Here is a hologram of the galaxy when Aron was born. Now tell me when and where you were born."

"June 14, 2551 on Alpha 1. Here are the coordinates," Rick said as he gave Nastar a holopad with the coordinates on it.

Nastar typed all the information in and the image on the hologram didn't change. Nastar looked at the image and with excitability growing in his elderly voice said, "This is why you are the Aborchrith. Your births were simultaneous. Sit, I'll finish the legend."

The trio sat and Nastar continued, "The Legend goes something like thisâ€¦| As the Aborchrith not only do you share the same soul but you are bringers of peace and tranquility. Therefore the Aborchrith will be born in a time of great turmoil. The unnecessary war between our races became a time of great turmoil for both races. The Aborchrith will be born at the same moment. One half the Aborchrith will be of twins. Aron has a twin sister. Rick with you being Human and the war the Prophets waged is why the Aborchrith was never found. Had the Scholars known we would have had the two of you raised together. However, you and Aron knew each other upon meeting. You found a way. You kept one another company as children." Nastar paused for a moment then called for a Grunt to bring them some refreshments. Upon taking a drink of water he continued, "To the next part of the Legend. The Aborchrith will know when the other is ill or hurt. When Aron was ill as a child you were too. Unfortunately if one dies you both will die. The Aborchrith can't live without being whole. That means Aron you can't live without Rick. This will explain why you unknowingly kept one another alive during the war. Your meeting was inevitable."

There was silence in the room when Nastar had finished. Aron and Rick looked at one another and then to Nastar. Both were in shock. They expected an explanation but nothing prepared them for this. Aron was the first to speak. He turned to Rick and said, "I have felt out of place all my life. This explains why."

Rick replied, "Yeah, I know what you mean."

Rick proceeded to show Nastar the sketches he had drawn of Aron over the years. Nastar rises from his seat and says, "This proves it."

6. Chapter 5

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****A/N: This chapter is co-written with CII****

Brothers in Spirit

Ninth Age of Reclamation

> UNSC Calendar November 26, 2552
 Sangheili Cruiser Blessed Redemption

"Ship Master, we have an incoming transmission," the communications officer said.

"What is it," Morak Heros said loudly.

"The transmission is for Corporal Tanner, Excellency," the communications officer replied.

"Get him up here," the nine foot gold armored Elite ordered.

"Corporal Tanner report to the control room," the communications officer said over the intercom.

Rick and Aron walked into the control room. Rick looked at the Ship Master and said, "There's something familiar about you. You remind me of someone."

"You have a transmission," Morak said as he turned to discuss some low level maintenance he wanted done before they left for another mission.

Just then the view screen flickered and an image of an Elite Zealot with stars on his collar and no mandible armor came on screen. "We on yet?"

"Yes, we're on, Skipper," Tom replied.

"Good," Telek said as he turned to the view screen then continued, "Ah, Corporal, I need you to report to Earth. The Covenant and their bastard leader Truth are attacking again and now they are looking for the Ark."

"Yes, sir. Admiral, sir." Rick said as he saluted the Elite pirate turned UNSC Admiral, then asked, "Sir, I thought your ship was destroyed?"

"Yes, it was," Telek chuckled, putting away his tin. "But apparently, I've been a good boy this year and Santa Claus saw fit to give me a new one. She's a bit roomier than the ole _Shade _but at least she can cloak." A blue armored Elite was about to turn off the music. Rick could hear the song in the background. It sounded like an old WWII song called 'Happy Days' but it was sung in Korean. "Hey, leave that song alone. I finally get the avalanche I wanted and I'm celebrating." He turns back to Rick and says, "Can't get good help these days but I digress."

Morak hearing a familiar voice turns to the view screen and blares, "Telek!"

"Ah, shitâ€|" Telek growled. "Hand me my scotch, Tom. I need somethin' stronger."

"Skipper?" Tom asked.

"Just do it," Telek growled. "As of the day I was on display in the buff, whipped, scalded, fried, and then beaten by that jackass

Tartarus, you don't exist to me. You're damn lucky I don't blow that cocky junker you call a ship out of the sky right here and now. Don't even talk to me. Don't even speak to me." Telek takes his tin from Tom and gives it a chug. "Where were you, eh? Where the hell were you when they burned the Mark of Shame on my chest? Where was my high and mighty big brother when I needed him, eh? I'll tell ya. Kissin' Truth's ass just like the rest of them. Pathetic. Well, at least we know where dad's brains went to. Certainly not you." Another swig. "Now, what do you want?"

Morak said sarcastically, "Well. Well. Well. If it isn't my long lost little brother. What's it been five cycles?" he paces in front of the view screen, "I thought you were dead," he stops and faces the view screen, "The bounty was high enough."

Telek replied, "It's been 13 years, you backstabbing, coniving gimp! The best damned years of my life. I spoke the truth, and I get my ass blown off because of it, I get betrayed. I did what I was ordered to do, find the information the Covenant wanted--but I wanted to know what it was I was going after. So, I used my skills, translated the text, and found out that the Great Journey was nothing more than a big hoax and the San 'Shyumm planned to slit our throats with blind religious fluff."

Morak moves closer to the screen and says, "Before the civil war you would have been branded a heretic for speaking such words."

Telek growled, "I was branded, you moron!" He turns to Tom and grunted, "I need a refill. Make it the Sangheili whiskey. It is stronger." He looks back at his older brother and growled, "Your ship has just been commandeered into my fleet. Now proceed to Earth. Rehtorb ym dellac eb ot y'htrow era uoy evorp d'na"

Morak replied, "Yes, Supreme Commander. I still don't see how you manage to bring your ship out of slip space without it being backwards. Someone needs to put you to bed so you can sober up."

Telek growled, "To answer your first. Practice. As for your second. Not while I'm standing."

The High Scholar walked up to the view screen and said, "Supreme Commander! I must insist that Corporal Tanner and Aron remain on Sangheilios. They are the Aborchrith."

"The Aborâ€|what?" Telek replied as he took a drink of Sangheili whiskey. "Stop talkin jibberish!"

"Think back to your studies. The prophesied Aborchrith. I must get them to the Council of Scholars." Nastar pleaded.

"I don't believe in prophecies, nor religious garbledy-gook," Telek growled. He straightened his shoulders, his blue eyes now clearing. "You have two days, but you must understand I disapprove of this highly. We don't need help from magical leprechauns and gnomes to win this war. You're just chasing a rainbow with this nonsense, High Scholar. Oh, and Corporal, it is only you, Aron, and the High Scholar allowed to leave the ship. The rest come with me. Rehtorb t'hgir taht t'nsi."

With that the view screen went blank. Morak was raging. Ready to kill the first Sangheili to speak. He looked at Rick and his two companions and growled, "Proceed to a phantom. And get the hell off my ship!"

7. Chapter 6

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Brothers in Spirit

Chapter 6

Ninth Age of Reclaimaiton

UNSC Calendar November 26, 2552

The trio made their way to the Phantom. "I think we have over stayed our welcome. That Shipmaster looked like he was ready to kill," Rick said nearly panting as he ran to keep up with the two Sangheili.

"Was that the infamous Telek Heros? He has been wanted for many cycles. There was once a high bounty on him. The Prophets wanted him dead or alive. Preferably dead. I had always dreamed of going after him. But with the alliance the only ones to have a price on him now would be the Prophets." Aron said with pride.

"Or maybe his brother," Nastar said with a laugh. They all laughed in agreement.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't go after him. Cause if what Nastar said is true. Then both of us would be dead. I have seen Admiral Heros slice a Sangheili in half with just one swing." Rick replied with a hint of worry.

"Let's enter the Phantom before Shipmaster Morak decides to have us all strung by our entrails," Nastar said as he was looking over his shoulder.

"Great idea," Rick replied.

The trio entered the Phantom and took a seat. Nastar gave the pilot the coordinates to the High Council of Scholars building. The Phantom lifted and exited the hanger bay doors. "With Sangheilios safe, I shall take you to meet my family and show you where I grew up." Aron said with a hint of enthusiasm in his voice.

"That would be nice," replied Rick, "Maybe some day I'll show you my home."

"I would be honored," Aron said proudly.

"We are entering the Sangheilian atmosphere," announced the pilot, "ETA of landing zone two units."

"That is very good news. Notify me when we reach the landing zone,"

Nastar said to the pilot.

"Yes, High Scholar," replied the pilot.

The trip to the surface was uneventful. Rick thought he'd feel uncomfortable being in the presence of just the Sangheili. But the presence of Aron he feeling of belonging, which is a feeling he had never felt before. He was used to feeling out of place.

Aron sat in his chair the anticipation of going home was overwhelming. He wasn't sure if it was the presence of his childhood friend that made the trip more exciting.

The silence was broken by the pilot, "Landing zone in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1."

"Aron I will need a little time to get the Council together. Could you meet me here in two units?" Nastar asked.

"Yes, I'd like to show my brother a few sites. We won't go far. My home, I'll show him after we meet the council." Aron replied in a voice almost full of excitement.

"It is time to disembark," Nastar said in a low voice.

Nastar was the first to go down the gravity lift. Followed by Aron then Rick. Rick was shocked by how much Sangheilios resembled Earth, especially the old pictures of mythical Atlantis.

The city of Athenos was set on a hill with white sand along the shoreline of one of the great Sangheilian oceans. The white towering buildings had a look of gold in the sunlight. Off in the distance on what looked like an island stood a pyramid. Rick looked in that direction and said, "What is that? It resembles a Mayan pyramid with an Egyptian flare."

'I'm not sure of what Mayan or Egyptian are," Aron replied, "But the building you are looking at is one of our many temples to our gods. And I mean our old gods, the Sangheilian gods, before the Covenant. Come I want to show you one of our hanging gardens."

The two walked down one of the many streets. The city was alive with activity. Sangheili were out. Some were doing errands and daily chores. Shops were everywhere. The buildings didn't look like what Rick thought would be in an ex-Covenant race. They looked like Human architecture. Aron pointed out points of interest to Rick. They turned down another busy street; they walked a short distance when they came upon a large gate.

Aron said, "We are here."

As they entered, Rick was in awe at the site. He said, "Wow, this place looks like the Hanging Gardens of Ancient Babylon. I now have a few questions for your scholars. Sangheilios looks a lot like a modernized ancient Earth."

Aron replied, "The Covenant preached the Forerunner seeded all. But Humanity was an abomination to them. However I'm beginning to wonder if our races were somehow intertwined with the Forerunner. With us being the Aborchrith and you saying my home world looks like ancient

Earth. Come there is a cefa' shop over here. Let's have some cefa' and sweet bread at the shop. There is a great view of the garden there."

Nastar entered the large white building that housed the High Council of Scholars. "Brothers! Brothers!" he said excitedly, "The Aborchrith has been fulfilled."

"How?" one of the High Scholars asked, "When were the children born? It had to have been within the past unit."

"No, they were born twenty-one cycles ago. The reason we didn't know about them, one is Human," Nastar said in a low voice.

"A Human!" exclaimed another High Scholar, "How could this be?"

"The Prophets war with the Humans caused us not to be able to detect the birth of the Aborchrith," explained Nastar, "But that didn't keep the them from finding each other. They knew each other as children."

"That is amazing," said the first Scholar.

"It was all predicted in the prophesy," said Nastar.

"Where are the Aborchrith?" the second Scholar asked.

"I shall bring them here," Nastar said in a tone of satisfaction.

Aron and Rick walked to the cefa' shop. Rick found them a table on the terrace. Aron went and got their cefa' and sweet bread. With everything that has happened in the last twenty-four hours, Rick was now feeling the pangs of hunger. The two sat and enjoyed the view as well as their meal. It might be a while before they get another one.

The time passed quickly. Rick and Aron talked more about what it was like for them when they were children. It wasn't long before Aron's com crackled. "Aron, I need you and Rick to come to the High Scholar Council Chambers. Where are you and I'll send a transport," Nastar said excitedly.

"We are at the cefa' shop in the Ralla Hanging Gardens," Aron replied.

"Splendid, you are close. A transport will be at the gate in less than a quarter unit," said Nastar.

Aron looked at Rick and said, "They are ready for us. The Council is sending a transport. It is going to meet us at the gate."

Rick drained his cup. As he stood he heard a voice that sounded feminine shouting, "Aron! Aron!"

The two turned to see a Sangheili running up to Aron and throwing her arms around him. Aron looked at Rick and said, "Rick, this is my twin sister, Kierra."

Kierra looked at Rick then back at Aron and said, "It is odd to see you in the presence of a Human."

Aron replied, "Kierra, I'll explain it all later. Could you get Mother and Father together. What I need to tell you all I want to do it all at once. Have Mother make arrangements for one of her special dinners. We will be at home in a few units."

"I'll do what I can. You know how busy Father can be. Have you heard from Linad? The last we heard he is suppose to be stationed on the Shadow of Intent."

"That is one of the cruisers that is going to the Human's home world to help the Arbiter. He is under the command of Shipmaster R'tas Vadum," Aron replied proudly, "I hate to leave you so quickly. But I'll see you at home tonight. There is a transport waiting for us."

Aron and Rick went to the gate. There was the transport. It looked like a gunless Spectre. In place of the gun was a two person seat. Rick and Aron climbed into it. The two rode in silence to the Council Chambers. Outside they were greeted by Nastar, "Come, come," he said in a hurried voice, "Let's not keep them waiting. They all want to meet the Blessed Aborchrith."

8. Chapter 7

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Brothers in Spirit

Chapter 7

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Athenos, capital city, Sangheilios

Nastar met Aron and Rick on the steps of the gold toned building that contained the Council of Scholars. "This way," Nastar said as he gestured toward the door. The bright sun shown in the cloudless blue shy.

The trio walked into the dimly light building. They walked down a hallway the turned left. The doors to their right opened with a swish. Nastar cleared his throat then said with growing pride, "Nobel High Scholar, here are the Aborchrith."

The High Scholar, an older Sangheili named Mo'ses turned from the young scholar in training and said, "Nastar you have done well. Your dream of finding the Aborchrith has been fulfilled. I have just received the ancient text if our Forefathers and what you presented us with are true."

Nastar was filling with pride; he had just had a great honor bestowed upon him. The High Scholar continued as he took out the Book of Scripture and a Book of History, "According to these books there has been several Aborchriths."

Rick, seeing one of the books looked like a Bible, took out his own. He looked at the High Scholar and said, "May I see your Book of Scripture?"

"I shall show all of you the book in due time. First I would like to introduce myself to you. My name is Mo'ses. I am of the house of Dol. I am one of a few who did not join the military but instead devoted my life to preserving the old ways of my people. We are not only scholars but historians."

Rick looked at the High Scholar and said in shock, "Your name sounds like one from our Holy Bible. An ancient man who receivedâ€|"

"The Ten Great Laws. Yes I was named after that Forerunner." Mo'ses said with pride.

"He was no Forerunner he was a Human." Rick said argumentatively, "I was brought up in a Christian home."

"I will have to argue with you there Mo'ses along with his brother Aron defeated a mighty king, King Ram'ses, to free our people. I was named after Aron." Aron said as he looked at Rick.

Rick turned to Aron and said quickly, "In this Bible in the last of the first book, Genesis, and the second book, Exodus, tells the story of Moses and Aaron. Yes, they did fight a great king his name was Ramses. But they were Human. I can show you."

Rick proceeded to read the Sangheili the story of Moses and the Ten Commandments. When he was done the Sangheili all looked at each other. Mo'ses had to bring his mandibles together for they were agape. He turned to Rick and said, "That is the same story we have here. Word for word. Except Mo'ses and Aron were the Abochrith."

Rick thought for a moment. He turned to Aron and said, "Remember I told you back at the Hanging Garden that Sangheilios looked like Ancient Earth?"

Aron nodded in reply. Rick continued, "Well this explains it. Identical stories from our ancient past."

Mo'ses trying to get the meeting under control took out an ancient parchment. This is another of our Aborchrith. Would you like to have a look/

Rick walked up to the desk of Mo'ses. He looked at the parchment. He took his holopad and scanned the parchment. The reading came on the screen and Rick looked up in shock. He said in a voice that couldn't contain his shock and surprise, "This is Ancient English. It is the story of Beowulf!"

"Yes," the older Sangheili said in disbelief, "How did you know this?"

It is the story of the ancient Forerunner Aborchrith Beo'wulf and Hrothgar. It was their first fight with the parasite known as the Flood."

Rick started pacing like he does when he gets nervous. "_This can't be. These Elites have the same ancient stories as we do. Their planet looks like ours._" He stopped and turned to Mo'ses and said in a tone that expressed his curiosity, "High Scholar. I have noticed, as I'm sure you have there are too many similarities to our ancient texts. I noticed your home world looks like Ancient Earth. To be exact Ancient Greece, the name of this beautiful city, I think Aron called it Athenos. On Earth we have a city in Greece named Athens. This city also looks like the Ancient city if Atlantis. Could there be a connection between our races?"

"Did you say Atlantis?" the elder Sangheili said in astonishment as his emerald robes brushed the ground as he walked toward Rick, "There was ancient text of how in one battle against the Forerunners ancient enemy the city if pearl was destroyed and sunk into an ocean of one of the Forerunner's many â€|"

"Earth." Rick finished for him.

"No I was going to say Eden," Mo'ses said in a matter of fact tone.

"If you look in my Bible and in you Book of Scripture for they are the same Eden is another name for Earth. Earth had a mystical garden called Eden," Rick said as he faced the tall elder Sangheili.

Nastar hearing the heated argument, said in a matter of fact tone, "I have a solution to the problem let's run a cell test to see if we are similar."

"You mean a DNA test?" Rick said in a questioning tone.

"Yes," Nastar replied in a tone full of excitement, "This will determine the level of which we are connected to have in all our Aborchriths to be half human. I can take the samples from Aron and Rick and run the test now if all are in agreement."

Aron and Rick nodded they were ready. Nastar took the samples and ran the test. The test too less than a quarter unit. Nastar came into the Council Chambers and said excitedly, "I have the results. We areâ€|"

9. Chapter 8

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or its characters. They are owned by Bungie and Microsoft. I do, however, own the characters and stories I add. Telek Heros is the sole property of CII.

A/N: I want to thank CII for allowing me to use the name of Telek Heros in this story.

Brothers in Spirit

Chapter 8

Ninth Age of Reclamation

UNSC Calendar November 26, 2552

Athenos, capital city, Sangheilios

Nastar came into the council chambers and said excitedly, "We are identical except for the Sapient and Reptilian DNA. Our races are brothers."

Aron and Rick were taken aback by the news. Aron was more shocked by the news because for years he had killed his brothers and for what. He thought to himself, "_The Covenant will pay for all the blood the Sangheili were forced to spill of their brothers._"

Aron's thoughts were interrupted when Mo'ses, turning toward the group, said in his deep voice, "In light of the news. We shall reconvene until tomorrow morning," he looked at Rick and Aron and continued, "Do you have accommodations?"

Before Rick could answer Aron said, "Yes, we do. Rick and I will be staying at the home of my parents."

Mo'ses replied, "Very well. You are dismissed until tomorrow. Since we are now allies, I will contact the UNSC and have you transferred here. Aron, you will remain here also. I will notify your cruiser and Spec Op Unit of the turn of events," he turned to one of the Scholars and continued, "Ra'shu, I want you to go to the High Council and let them know of the turn of events tell them of our findings. Nastar, remain here there is much we need to discuss. The rest I'll see you tomorrow."

"Thank you," Aron said as he bowed to the High Scholar Mo'ses, "Until tomorrow."

Aron turned to Rick and said, "Come, brother, let's make our way to my parents home. Dinner should be almost ready." Aron smiled at the thought of one of his mother's fresh cooked dinners. He almost couldn't control his mouth watering.

Aron and Rick walked out into the street. The sun was starting to set in the east just like on Earth. The sunset made the Sangheilian sky turn beautiful shades of blues and purples. Aron hailed a transport and told the driver the address. Within minutes the transport pulled into a beautiful estate. Rick was in awe at the beauty of the home and the surrounding landscape. The house looked like one from the pictures he had seen of ancient Japan. The trees around the magnificent home looked like Magnolia and Tulip trees of Earth, as well as one that looked like a Weeping Willow. The trees draped the home in beautiful shade giving it a mystical look. Rick looked at Aron and said, "You grew up here? This place is huge."

"Yes, it was big especially to a small Sangheili. There is a guest room for you to use. I will make sure you are put next to my room." Aron said as he clicked his mandibles into a smile. "Are you worried? I can feel your turmoil. Calm down. My parents will take to you. You are my brother."

The two were met at the door by Aron's mother, Mi'sha. She gave Aron a hug and said lovingly, "It is good to see you. How are you feeling,

young one? You don't look well." She turned to Rick and continued, "Who is this? Is this the one Kierra spoke of, our guest for the evening?"

Aron, feeling slightly embarrassed by his mother's fussing over him, said in a deep and proud voice, "Yes, mother. This is Rick. He will be staying with me. When will Father be coming home? There is something I need to discuss with the whole family."

"Ok, young one, this sounds like it is important. Very well, show Master Rick to his room he will be using. Meshap and Yahap will be glad to see to you. And Aron, they will be glad to see you," Mi'sha said as she gestured for the staircase.

"We still have Unggoy here?" Aron said with shock in his voice.

"Part of their race might have betrayed the Sangheili. But they have remained loyal. They will be treated with respect. They have been with this family for many cycles," Mi'sha replied with a hint of frustration in her voice.

Aron turned to Rick and said, "We have two Unggoy, you know them as Grunts, in our employ. They will not harm you."

Rick sighed and said, "That is a relief. Let them know that I will not harm them either."

As if on cue, Meshap and Yahap came bouncing down the hall into the spacious living room, "A Human!" they yelled at the same time, "Run!"

Before they could get very far, Aron said calmly, "He will not harm you. You have my word."

Meshap working up enough courage turned to Aron and said, "Excellency, are you sure?"

"Yes, he is with me. We have allied with the Humans," Aron turned to his mother and continued, "Now, Mother, what have you prepared for the evening meal? I am famished."

Mi'sha turned to Aron, her pale blue robes rustling with her movements, and replied, "Steamed vegetables, roasted red meat, stewed mild worms, assorted fruits, and sweet bread. I thought I would make your favorites."

Before Aron could reply a bellowing voice came from the family quarters, Arnad having come in the back door, "My son. It has been too long. Is shipmaster Heros treating you well?"

"Yes, Father. That is until he ran into his long, thought dead brother, Telek," Aron said almost chuckling, "It appears Telek Heros had allied himself with the Humans before we had."

"Yes he was here. Councilman R'tas Vadum gave him word in the council. We sent him with a fleet to help save every life in the galaxy. Although some are more worth saving than others," Arnad said

in a low tone, "But enough of business. I see we have company. Do Meshap and Yahap know to add an extra place at the dining table?"

"Yes, father. They were nearly scared out of their wits at the site of the Human. But they have been reassured they will come to no harm," replied Aron.

"Does our guest have a name or are we to call him Human?" asked Arnad in a tone that commands discipline.

"Excuse my rudeness, Father, this is Rick Tanner. Rick, this is my father, Councilman Arnad Sarjos," Aron said feeling a little embarrassed.

Rick placed his hand out as a gesture of good will. Arnad took Rick's hand and shook it. Arnad said, "Come make yourself at home. My son trusts you. That is all I need."

Aron and Rick followed Arnad into his study where he offered the both of them a glass of Sangheili brandy. Mi'sha soon came in the room and announced, "Dinner is ready."

Arnad looked at the two young ones in his company and said in a joyful tone, "Come, let us go partake of the delicious dinner Mi'sha has made." Arnad turned and placed his arm around Mi'sha and touched his forehead to hers.

The group walked into the dining room. The room was dimly lit but had a soft feel to it there was a soft light set in the center of the table. The table was low to the ground with large pillows on the floor instead of chairs. The setting reminded Rick of the Traditional Japanese way of dining. The table had an elaborate banquet feel to it. Aron's twin sister Kierra was there helping Meshap and Yahap with the last minute preparations on the table. Kierra squealed as she grabbed Aron and gave him an embrace. Meshap and Yahap cautiously left the room. Arnad looked at Rick and said, "Have a seat. I'm famished. It isn't often that my mate makes such an elaborate meal."

Mi'sha looked at Arnad and said laughingly, "What this morning?"

The group took their seats at the table. Rick and Aron made their plates almost identical, with the exception being the stewed mild worms which Aron tried to get Rick to try. Rick noticed the eating utensils were similar to those he was used to. Once the meal was finished Aron looked at the group and said, "There is something you should know. Shall we retire to the main living room so I may fill you in on what has been happening and the new revelations that have aspired today?"

Arnad replied, "Yes my son. Does this have anything to do with the Council of Scholars?"

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"Yes, Father it does," Aron replied as he began to explain the recent turn of events. Aron looked at Rick every so often to see if his friend and brother wanted to add anything. Once Aron was finished the room fell silent. Aron took a seat next to Rick and got a drink of Sangheilian brandy.

Breaking the silence Arnad said in a quiet tone, "Are you sure the Council of Scholars isn't trying to make you into a lab experiment."

"With all due respect, Father, they done a DNA test and our races are brothers. The DNA from us was identical except for the Sapient and Reptilian parts," Aron said as he started to grow frustrated. He turned to Rick and continued quietly, "Brother, I may need to show him how connected we are."

Rick handed Aron a small knife and whispered, "Prick your finger with it. It would cause a small cut that would show up on me as well, like it was done today. That should be enough proof."

Aron turned to his father and with the small knife made a small incision in the palm of his hand. To the dismay of the three other Sangheili in the room Rick had the same cut appear in the palm of his hand also. "How can this be?" Arnad said with a gasp.

"There is something else I want you to see," Aron said as Rick handed him the drawings he had made since he was a child.

Mi'sha looked at the drawings and said with a gasp, "These are you!"

"I know, Mother. When I saw them I couldn't believe it. In fact I was angry. When I first met Rick I felt strange. The Scholars said it was a quickening. If we had been raised together as we should have the quickening would have happened sooner as children. There is something else. The Council of Scholars wants us to stay here. If one of us dies in battle we both die. Remember when I was sick with Knarde's Syndrome?" Aron turned to his mother, "There is documented proof that Rick was stricken with a mysterious illness."

Arnad and Mi'sha looked at each other. Arnad said, "This is a lot to take in one night and it is late. Let us retire for the night and we shall talk more about it tomorrow."

"Yes, Father. But before you go there is one more thing," Aron took a deep breath and continued, "We saw each other as children."

With that the group retired for the evening. Arnad and Mi'sha went to their room. "I just can't believe all this. The Scholars are making our son to be a freak and he is just accepting it," Arnad said as he began removing his armor.

"What if there is something to what the Scholars are saying," Mi'sha

said as she tried to make sense of it all, "The Scholars will explain it all tomorrow. You could ask your questions then." She then pulled the covers down on the bed and got in.

The morning brought the smell of a fresh cooked breakfast into Aron's room. He quickly got out of bed and got ready for his day. As he exited his room he was met by Rick, who also was woke by the luscious smells that came from the kitchen. The two went down the stairs to find Mi'sha setting the table. "Have a seat. Your father will be joining us shortly. He had an important holo call he received this morning."

As if on cue Arnad came in and said, "That was the Council of Scholars. They said to meet them at the High Council's chambers something has happened," he turned and took a strip of cooked meat from a plate and continued as he ate the strip, "Well, you two can ride there with me."

Rick and Aron sat at the table and started to fill their plates, Aron was telling Rick what each of the foods were as he licked his mandibles, "We have be'con strips, sasage patties, beaten segg, gravy, shash browns, and cibuits." He then thought to himself, "_I have been away too long._"

Rick looked at Aron and said, "This looks like a southern breakfast on Earth. All the way to the biscuits. I'm starved."

Aron said as he was starting to eat, "Mother makes the cibuits herself."

Rick said as he took a bite of his meal, "This even tastes like southern cooking. It looks like Bacon, Sausage, Scrambled Eggs, Gravy, Hash Browns, and Biscuits. This is great."

Mi'sha said as she turned a slight shade of purple, "I'm glad you like the cooking. I have to say he has an appetite equal to yours."

As the group finished their breakfast Yahap came in and said, "Excuse me Excellency, but there is a holo call for Master Aron and the Human in your study."

Arnad replied as he wiped his mandibles, "Tell the caller they will be there momentarily."

Aron and Rick finished their meal and then went to the study and on the holo call was Nastar, he said excitedly, "I will be waiting outside the Council chambers. I have come across a major find. It involves the two of you."

"We will be there shortly," replied Aron.

Arnad came into the study and got his holo pad and said, "Time to go."

The three went to the garage and got into the transport. Soon they were going through the beautiful city and arrived at the white marble looking building that housed the Sangheili High Council. The trio was met by Nastar who said, "Excuse me, Councilor. I need to speak with the young ones."

"By all means, I will see you all in the Council Chamber," Arnad said in a tone full of diplomacy.

Nastar looked at the young ones and said, "I can't tell you all of it now, but we have come upon a great find. It involves the two of you and the Ark." With that said and leaving Aron and Rick wondering why Nastar was talking in riddles they all made their way into the Council chamber.

The High Councilor looked at the trio standing at the podium and said, "The Council acknowledges the presence of the High Scholar Nastar."

Nastar said as he cleared his throat, "Thank you, High Councilor." He then proceeded to tell the findings the Scholars had found as well as the Legend of the Aborchrith.

A Councilor stood and said, "Do you have proof that these Humans are what you say? And why hasn't the Adorâ€| whatever you call it isn't something planted by the Humans to try to enslave us as the Prophets did?"

Nastar replied, "The proof is in the DNA sample and results I provided to you. I gave you a sample so you can do your own test if you want. As for the Legend of the Aborchrith it is in our ancient texts. Not to mention our ancient tales were not allowed to be made public by the order of the Prophets. The Council of the Scholars was formed ages ago to preserve them. Some of our ancient tales as well as the tales of the Humans were identical."

The Councilor said as he took his seat, "You make a good argument. But it will take more than tales of magic to convince me."

Arnad, who sat across from the Councilor said, "I heard some of this last night, Aron is my son. There is some truth to what the Scholar said. If you cut one the other gets the same wound."

The High Councilor turned and said, "You may continue."

"In the early hours of the morning a major discovery was made. We discovered a chamber which contained armor for the Aborchrith. One Human and one Sangheili. But the Sangheili armor was for a Sangheili of Aron's size," Nastar said as he turned to Aron, "The only way this chamber can be opened is by the Aborchrith. We have already tried. The Human armor looks like that of the Demon."

"You mean we have had a copy of the Demon's armor and we could have dissected it all along?" the Councilor said as he looked around the room. There were other hushed whispers elsewhere in the room.

"No, it is not the Demon's armor. If all the readings are correct it is more advanced," Nastar said quickly.

Aron growled and said softly to Rick, "Nastar is having a world of trouble."

Rick looked at Aron and said, "I agree."

Nastar said as he turned back to the Council, "The armor is the key

to get into the Ark."

"The Ark is destroyed," came a voice from behind them.

"I see the mission was a success, Arbiter," the High Councilor said proudly.

They all bowed as the Arbiter entered the room followed by R'tas Vadum, Usze Taham, N'tho Scraom, and Aron's brother Linad Sajos. "Yes, Truth is dead and the Flood is destroyed. High Charity is lost. It was occupied by the Flood and was destroyed on the Ark," the Arbiter continued with sadness, "But the Spartan was lost."

"The Ark of the Covenant is not the Ark I am speaking of. I am talking of Noah's and Moab's Ark. This Ark is located in Mount Ararat," Nastar said in a voice full of excitement.

"That is on Earth," Rick said in a voice that expressed his excitement and shock.

"Further proof that our races were once Brothers," Nastar said in a matter of fact tone. He continued, "I am asking for permission to do an expedition to the Ark."

The Arbiter said as he looked at his companions, "I say we go. I will lead this mission personally."

End
file.